Volume IV Chicago, Ill., October, 1927 Number 7

The Liberal

Creativity

This poem is recognized as one of the oldest Chinese folk-poems which has come down to the present time. It is the first poem recorded in the book, Origin of Ancient Poetry (Chinese). It may be roughly dated 2500 B. C.

When the sun rises, I go to work;
When the sun goes down, I take my rest;
I dig the well from which I drink;
I farm the soil that yields my food.
I share creation; kings do no more.

Translation by Y. S. Han.

Published monthly by

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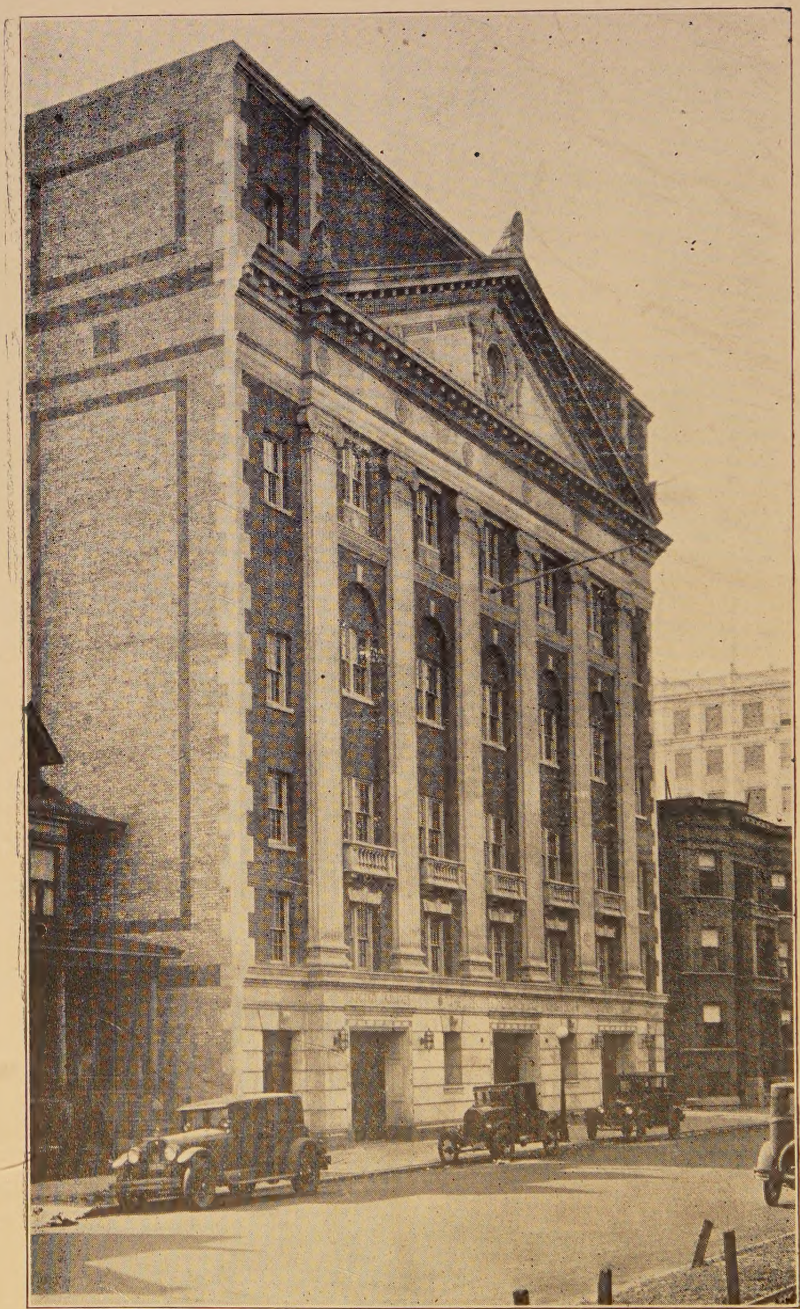

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, UPTOWN TEMPLE

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Application made for Entry as Second Class Mail at the Post Office of Chicago, Ill.

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OUR SUNDAY IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Our Sunday in Prague, Czecho-slovakia, will ever be a memorable day, delightful to look back upon. Altho' it was the first of September, we were having the only summer weather we had met with since leaving America. It was very warm that Sunday morning but inexpressibly lovely, o'er head deep blue sky and great foamy white clouds sailing high. On the streets which seemed quite empty compared to week-days, were well dressed men and women going to Church, and many children of all ages in starched frocks and with shining faces hurrying to or from Sunday School. A pleasant lady who spoke and understood English very well, called at the Hotel Berauek to accompany us to the Church where Dr. Bradley was to preach at 10:30. We enjoyed the ten minutes walk and were sorry it was not longer, The Church yard was quite crowded with children coming out from Sunday School and older people waiting to go in to service. Cards were being handed out which we of course could not read, but our companion interpreted for us. It was an announcement regarding Dr. Bradley, stating who he was and where from, and that he was endorsed by the Bishop of the National Czecho-slovakia Church. We entered by a side door leading into the vestry and were immediately presented to several gentlemen awaiting us, only one of whom could speak English and he was to act as interpreter for Dr. Bradley. We learned later that he is a Professor at the University of Prague. But we were greeted cordially by all—a kindly gleam from the eyes, smiles, low bows and handshaking is an international language easily understood by all.

A young man (less than thirty I should think, certainly not over that) with a very spiritual face and a charming voice, brought Dr. Bradley a black silk robe and a long white stole embroidered in gold, a red chalice was also embroidered on the robe on the breast. The young man donned the same kind of vestments and then we realized that he was the minister of that Church, formerly a Roman Catholic Priest (only seven years ago,) and now a free liberal minister of the National Church. A lovely young lady came into the vestry at this point to meet us; she was noticibly embarrassed, blushing but smiling. She greeted me in French no doubt thinking I might understand that, and when I replied in the same tongue she was greatly pleased. We were told later that she and the young minister are soon to be married.

Finally it was time for service to begin, and the minister and Dr. Bradley entered the pulpit, followed by the lady and gentlemen interpreters and myself. (I wish I had their names, but I failed to write them down and it would be impossible to remember them otherwise.) Chairs were placed at one side the pulpit for the lady interpreter and me, which gave me an excellent opportunity to watch the congregation, altho' I felt uncomfortably conspicuous. The Church was literally packed and people were standing in every available space, many of the women wore starched aprons and pretty kerchiefs over

their heads. I was so interested in watching the people that it was a few minutes before I realized the service was going on, the minister intoning in a rich musical voice their Liturgy in Czech, and the people singing their responses to the hymn tune we know as "Nearer My God to Thee;" it seemed strange indeed to hear that familiar tune, specially when not used as a hymn. These people are so musical singing is a part of their lives and I imagine no matter how liberal they become in their Churches they will always sing the formal part of their services. Their singing was well worth hearing.

There was a railing all the way around the pulpit, and crowded around this and leaning upon it were children ranging in ages from about five to twelve years I should judge, all of these youngsters stood through the entire service without any "fussing" or whispering or misbehavior of any kind, they scarcely moved from the position they had when we came in. All except the youngest sang the responses to the Liturgy heartily, and gave evidence of being well trained in all points of the service. I thought what a marvelous example they would be to our twitching, wiggling, whining American children who cannot be taken to Church for fear they will disturb the entire congregation, even tho sprawling over the space of two or three seats and usually armed with candy, gum and toys. Finally the time came for Dr. Bradley to preach. It must have surprised him to look into those earnest faces with all eyes upon him filled with keenest interest, nor did they turn them away for a single second.

Dr. Bradley would speak a few sentences and then the interpreter would repeat to the people in their own language what he had said. They smiled or laughed at his lighter remarks of jest and pleasantry, nodded their heads in approval and acquiescence when he spoke more seriously of Liberal religion, of Fellowship, of Peace. Many cheeks were wet with tears when he spoke of the large number of Czechs in Chicago, and at the close of the service they crowded around the pulpit eager to grasp our hands, and the interpreters told us some said "My daughter is in Chicago" others "My brother works in Chicago" another "My boy lives in Chicago," almost everyone had a dear one in Chicago. It drew us closer together —we were all friends clasping hands that Sunday morning thinking of our dear ones across the sea.

As we left the pulpit one of the Church officials placed in my arms a large gorgeous bouquet of flowers, saying that flowers had a language of their own and he hoped they would express in part the deep appreciation of the minister and his people for our visit to their Church and their gratitude to Dr. Bradley for his wonderful sermon. The Church trustees (which I presume they are called) met us in the vestry and thanked Dr. Bradley, enthusiastically, expressing their regret that the Church was too poor to pay him. They told us of their hopes and plans for a new modern building, and the great difficulty of raising money enough to accomplish this. The present building is entirely inadequate for their work. Plans for a new church were hanging on the vestry wall, unpretentious but well planned, we looked them over with interest. This more than all else perhaps made us feel in sympathetic kinship with these people. Do we not know the hopes, dreams, plans, for a building to properly house our activities where our work could be carried on to a higher and fuller expression to meet the need? Do we not know the difficulty and discouraging task of raising funds for such a purpose?

As we walked thru the pretty yard and on to the street again we found both sides of the sidewalk lined with the people, all smiling and bowing and bidding us good-bye with such expres-

sions as "God bless you," "Come again," "God bless America" "Thank you, thank you," etc.

The University Professor escorted us back to the hotel Berauek, my arms were full of flowers, and our hearts full of inspiration from the morning's experience. We scarcely felt the heat of that noon-day sun, we were thinking with wonderment and respect and admiration of these splendid people who five years ago knew nothing in religion but what the Roman Catholic Church taught them, and have had the courage to take out of their Churches all pictures, images, crucifix and incense and have become Liberals.

The Church of England has not grown nearly that far in these many years, for on all Church of England altars the crucifix and incense is greatly in evidence.

Across from the hotel Berauek, is an open market filling a large space, where on week-days fine vegetables, fruit and all things usually found in a market place are sold and where there is much bustle and activity the day long. On this brilliant Sunday all stands were closed and neatly covered, except flowers and fruit booths where usually old women in fresh aprons and gay kerchiefs over their heads sat under huge umbrellas, selling flowers and fruit to the passer by.

After dinner we walked down to the beautiful park and sat on a bench in the shade of a lovely tree, where we spent most of the afternoon watching the people. There was no noise or loud talking but everyone seemed to be happy and enjoying the beauty of the day. Children carried dolls or an animal toy or wheeled them in doll carriages, and many grownups were reading books. A healthy, happy and most intelligent people, the Czecho-slovakians. We will never forget that lovely Sunday in Prague.

Grace Thayer Bradley

BOOK CHATS

Books! Books! Books! — The fall offerings seem more numerous, more interesting, more alluring than ever. As I sit here at the table in my study looking at volumes eloquent in silent appeal "Come pick me up and read me" I wish I had nothing else to do but just read and read. I never remember so many worth while books, appearing at one time. One is simply bewildered as to what to read first, never was decision more difficult.

Authoritative writers are publishing material on every conceivable subject. Subjects which are vitally associated with life and action . Novels, poems, plays, essays, histories, biographies, most of them are published in formats which delight those who love beautiful books — what strides publishers are making in this particular!

There are two recent books written by men I know which I desire to suggest to you, I am not doing this because I know the writers but because the books are really important and both make a contribution to the subjects discussed. Those of you who heard Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach preach two years ago from our pulpit will never forget the clear, concise reasoning which was accompanied by most effective presentation. He is a writer who always challenges consideration and a speaker of unusual distinction. As editor of the Christian Register he has brought that journal to the front rank of religious journalism. He knows his business and no man could do it better. He is fearless without being obnoxious and adventurous without being fool-hardy. I read every word he writes every week. No one interested in liberal religion today ever ought to miss one copy of the Christian Register published at 25 Beacon St.,

Boston, Mass. (No! I do not get my subscription free for these words, I pay for it in good hard-earned money). Dr. Dieffenbach has just written a book called "Religious Liberty—The Great American Illusion." William Morrow and Co., of New York are the publishers. By all means read it. I have and it made me mad. Not because it is untrue but because it is.

The other book I have in mind is by another editor Charles Clayton Morrison, Editor of the Christian Century, which also ought to be read each week by every person interested in religion with an international background. The Century is published at 440 S. Dearborn St. Chicago, and like the Register I pay for my subscription. Dr. Morrison's book is called "The Outlawry of War." It is published at 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. I am not going to intimate its contents except to state the thesis which is that outlawing war is the solution to the problem of ending warfare. This is the most intensive study of war and its remedy that I have seen thus far. Philosophical, scholarly, lucid, tenable and most delightfully written it is destined to command attention. No platitudes nor sentimentalities clutter its pages; of all Dr. Morrison has done in liberalizing work (and he doesn't go far enough at times for me) he has achieved a monumental accomplishment in "The Outlawry of war."

I could go on for pages writing about the new books but am going to close by mentioning an outstanding novel "The Grandmothers" by Glenway Wescott and published by Harpers. The writer is a young man born in Wisconsin and will be heard from in the literary world, then there is Paxton Hibben's "Henry Ward Beecher, An American Portrait" and of course, any lover of fine writing never misses a line of H. M. Tomlinson, and he has just given us a novel "Gallion's Reach" which is a delight, then there is "The Magic Mountain" by Thomas Mann, which I found while in Europe during the summer was the most talked of novel by those who know literary values. "The Golden Complex" by Lee Wilson Dodd, and "The Problem Child" by A. S. Neill ought not to be missed. Yes, there are plenty of good books this fall, the pity is that one cannot read them all. P. B.

THE RADIO MAIL BAG

The Radio Mail Bag has had a long rest but like everything connected with the Peoples Church it was brushed up and ready for work when the Church opened its services for the season Oct. 2nd. Sure enough the very next day letters began to arrive from our radio family telling us how glad they are that we arrived home safely after all our travels in foreign lands and over seas, expressing their pleasure that the Peoples Church is again on the air and everything in full swing for the winter. Such fine, sincere encouraging letters. The first one came from our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Craig, of Richland Center, Wis., with kindest greetings for our homecoming and a generous contribution for the Sunday offering.

Now that's certainly beginning the season right. There was something else in the mail bag besides a letter from that same direction too, an electric corn popper! Yes, indeed,—we now pop corn the "Electric Way" and there's nothing like it—the cutest electric arrangement imaginable. I said something once about some pop corn from Iowa being the best in the world and this little machine was sent, the card stated "to pop Iowa's best." I wonder if there is any more pop corn in Iowa?

A letter from Mrs. Katherine Porter of Princeton, Ill., written after the service that opening

Sunday speaks with enthusiasm of the service. She says she has missed the Church so greatly during the summer that to show her appreciation of its opening again she enclosed a check for the Radio fund. It makes us think there must be many who lack in appreciation when it touches their pocketbook. Mrs. Porter knows the divine law of giving.

Gene T. Skinkle, a well known writer and editor of this city, who calls himself "An old boy of seventy years" wrote an amusing but sincere letter in which he says "I tune-in on Roman Catholic Mass, Christian Science services and Voliva's music and musings and so get a varied digest of about all of the theology, dogmatism, credal variance and isms and ologies that are broadcast, respecting them all (or at least part of each,) while accepting and endorsing none as a whole, nor yet criticising or condemning none who are sincere and honest in their faith. Your brand of philosophy sorter echoes my own conclusion, after more than half a century of reading of all translations of ancient and modern religions, from the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" to Mrs. Eddy's writings, and if your sky ticket-office was nearer to my hotel I would drop in occasionally just to say howdy and grasp your hand. Radio however brings everything to me and I am confessedly lazy, but I can write and tell you that I am taking you out of the air and greatly enjoying the taking."

We hope all our old friends are in their Radio seats Sunday morning and that they will enjoy the service even more than ever. If so let us hear from you, a few lines will not take long to write and they will make us very glad.

G. T. B.

"SOME EUROPEAN IMPRESSIONS"

Opening Sermon by Dr. Bradley Delivered Sunday, October 2nd, in The Peoples Church. Stenographically Reported.

I remember reading some years ago about a preacher who went to Europe at a time when it was more of a novelty for preachers to go to Europe.

A little country church in Michigan, raised enough money to give their preacher a trip to the Holy Land by way of Europe. He went, and, of course, he experienced all the thrills and reactions which everyone experiences the first time they see the coast of a foreign country rise out of the sea. He was deeply thrilled. He returned to his church, and he started his opening sermon with this phrase,—"Now, when I was in Europe"—and it went along very well. He used it three or four times, but it was sufficiently new not to be disturbing to the better minds of the congregation. The next Sunday he arose in his pulpit and his opening sentence started with "When I was in Europe." About every sermon he would preach during the winter he would start by saying "When I was in Europe." Three or four times during the sermon he would use that phrase until finally along toward spring the congregation took up another offering. They called the minister to a meeting and said "We are going to present you with an equivalent of the offering we presented you with last year when you went to Europe, but it is presented upon one consideration and for one specific purpose—that never again do you use the phrase 'When I was in Europe.' " (Laughter).

I want this congregation here in the Peoples Church to know that I am not going to bore you this winter by the phrase "When I was in Europe." It is one of the most boring experiences to come in contact with people who seem to think that their opinion upon

any question which involves national or international matters is right because they have visited in Europe.

It all depends upon what you took to Europe with you as to what you got out of Europe while you were there!

It is like every other thing of a creative character; a picture is not what the picture says to you. The greatness of the picture is established by the equation which is determined by your relationship with the picture. The same is true of a piece of music, with any form of creativeness whatsoever; and it is supremely true I think, principally at this time, in this moment of the world's development, with what is happening in Europe and America.

And so anybody who has been to Europe and comes back with a few observations about the little railroad cars they have and the poor food in some countries and all the rest of it and will take up a whole evening's conversation talking about the trivialities that are meaningless in a certain sense, that person's opinion is not worth very much as to what is happening in Europe or the world.

Of course, we Americans who must be comfortable, and who when we go abroad seek for comfort, the first thing we do when we go to Europe is to make comparisons. About every American I met in Europe was everlastingly comparing insignificant differences. They usually start the conversation with "Did you ever see such small railroad cars?" and "Did you ever see such funny things here and such funny things there?" Of course, those are all observations which are interesting, but, after all they are not of sufficient importance to command much of our attention, particularly in relation to the deep undercurrent of human life in the world today.

There are a lot of superficial impressions that one gets by going to Europe that are intensified later if care is not exercised.

I have no particular use for that type of observer who accentuates everything he sees in Europe with the phrase, "I will soon be home in God's country!" I met a lot of them in Europe this summer. That is one of the reasons some of the people in Europe do not like us very well, because somehow or other we are always from "God's country." And many Americans, particularly of a certain type who have made a lot of money and made it fast and want to show Europe how to spend it quickly, always accentuates his comments by "Well, I am from God's country, and I will be glad when I get back to God's country." As a matter of fact most of the Europeans who hear it will be as glad as he is when he gets back to God's country! (Laughter.)

Now, don't have any misgivings about this. This is God's country! There isn't any doubt about that! (Laughter) I would not have you infer for one moment that I don't believe that it is. I believe with all my heart that this is God's country. But that is quite a different matter from saying that it is God's **only** country!

There are many parts of this world besides America where great experiments in the doctrines of the right to worship God freely and the right to think freely and work out certain fundamental ideals of human liberty are being worked out. I don't think that one can be an outstanding American really when working upon the fallacy that this is God's only country. It is the only country I would live in. I have no hesitancy in saying that. I did not see a country nor a city that I would trade for the United States of America nor the city in which I live! Not one! But that does not blind me from what I consider to be the colossal truth of this moment.

In the first place, the countries of the world are concerned about their over-population, the outlets for their own idealism and their own emphasis. These people are

directly concerned about what is going to happen when the cruel localization of national emphasis is such that one man, while he should claim allegiance to one country to the exclusion of all other countries, cannot follow genuine heart interests in the best citizenship and in the finest idealism of every country on earth; in other words, I think that a man can only be a real and true American by a persistent effort to assist through co-operation and mutual understanding the struggle for a similar idealism in every country in the world.

That seems to be a sane and sound approach to this problem.

Now, of course, the impressions which I am going to give you in my talk about Europe are impressions based upon a very limited opportunity.

Who can come back from Europe after spending two months and talk authoritatively upon the deeper things involved? I assure you I cannot do it, and yet, this is the way with these travellers. I met a lecturer who came to America and stayed a few weeks and went home and he has written a volume about the United States of America. I met people that landed in New York and then had taken a railroad train to Boston and then on to Montreal and returned home on a steamer eighteen days later that were very opinionated about the United States of America. I came to the conclusion really when I talked to them that their opinions were not worth very much.

Now there are students of Europe in this audience this morning; they are people who were born in Europe; I could name people that I am looking at now who have been students of European life and European civilization for forty years and they honor me by their presence this morning and in hearing what my impressions might be after only two visits to Europe.

These impressions you will have to take exactly for what they are worth. I make no claim to superhuman intelligence or supervisionary capacity. There are some people who can pass through a country and pass out and know more about it than people who spend their lives there. I don't happen to be one of that type. The impressions which I am going to give you are impressions coming from a sincere and honest desire to attempt to know something about what the undercurrent of Europe is, separated from the usual tourist routes. The only tourists I met really were tourists on the steamer and how I should hate to characterize some of my impressions of them. The fact of the matter is the only time I really wanted to fight in Europe,—really wanted to fight, after all my inability to converse in the languages of Europe and all the experiences which we had travelling about, particularly down in central Europe where we utterly and hopelessly lost most of our time. —the only man I really wanted to fight was an American tourist, dressed in a checker suit that you could almost hear speak across the Atlantic ocean, and like Abie in "Welcome Stranger"—he did not buy his diamonds by the carat, but he bought them by the quart! He was standing in front of the American Express Company's office in the city of Paris, waving his red American passport, so there would be no doubt as to his American citizenship. He was very much intoxicated, and it was steamer day, and a great many tourists were in and out of the American Express Company's office.

I saw no drunkenness whatsoever on the part of the Europeans themselves. The only really drunken man I saw was this American in front of the American Express Company in the city of Paris, waving his passport and saying "Well I guess I will be a guide. I have only been here a week, I guess I will be a guide." And when some ladies came in, who were ostensibly Americans, he opened the door very gallant-

ly for them and said, "No, I won't be a guide, I think I will be a door keeper." And all the blood that I have in my veins, Irish and otherwise, boiled, and I wanted to take that man by the nape of the neck for the impressions which he was creating in the heart of the city of Paris as to Americans! I want to state my first impression, and I think I will be substantiated by every European traveller in this audience. Never in my life anywhere have I ever met such genuine whole-hearted sincere courtesy! A lesson which I wish I could bring home!

Mrs. Bradley and I asked on one occasion in the city of London a bus conductor the whereabouts of a certain building, and he left his bus and walked to the corner to show us the building. I have never asked a question, even from those whose language I could not understand, that I did not meet with the most beautiful courtesy. Never did I ask an officer in uniform a question that I was not responded to like a gentleman. One great impression that shall last with me forever is the impression of courtesy. I sometimes think that perhaps this courtesy comes from the great background of European culture, from the great background of European sense of the eternal fitness of things; and, perhaps from the fact that they are not particularly in a hurry; particularly was this true in England.

I never knew whether I was going to get into an English shop or not; it did not matter what the day was or what the time was. It seemed almost every business had a different schedule. When tea time came or lunch time came, everybody shut up shop. They did not seem to ever be in a hurry. And that was quite a relief too.

And then, of course, Europe's impressions of us are as interesting as our impressions of Europe. The first thing that a European says when he talks to an American is: "What are you in such a hurry about?" The preacher of one of the Churches where I preached in England said to me: "You preach as though you were preaching against time. We have lots of time. There is no hurry about things. Why do you Americans always live on schedule? You are always on schedule and always late!" (Laughter).

And, then Mayor Walker came over and settled that matter, as far as being late was concerned, the impressions which Europeans have of Americans for all time henceforth and forever.

Mrs. Bradley and I arrived at Dublin at the same time Walker was there. We went down from Belfast, and as we arrived we saw American flags everywhere, and I turned to Mrs. Bradley and said "Mother, they know we are coming!" (Laughter).

I had not seen a paper. I didn't know where Mayor Walker was. (Laughter). We looked up and there were American flags everywhere! And finally when we arrived in the heart of Dublin we saw a big sign of welcome to his excellency, the Honorable Walker, Mayor of New York City.

There are two things which I want to bring to you that are fundamental after this little byplay which is of no significance. It was my pleasure to come in contact with certain business groups of England particularly and Czecho-slovakia, who are tremendously interested—not so much in business, as they are in the morals of the people.

Something has happened to this world. And that thing, as I see it, is this: We are beginning to realize the relationship which exists between moral health and economic rectitude. We are as a world beginning to see that no amount of correct diplomacy, no amount of perfected business technique, no amount of industrial genius, no amount of governmental capacity on the part of national leaders will preserve mankind from the inevitable emergency which is just ahead.

Now, do not have any doubt about that. The best minds of the world are at this moment at

work upon some program whereby we can determine the relationship and then how to keep that relationship intact between an utter moral collapse of civilization and our perfection in everything of physical and material consequence.

At a time of economic recovery for the world, it presents the tragic spectacle of being in its lowest ebb morally; at a time when suspicion is working its way into the heart of the world, existing as it rarely existed before; and yet at a time when from the house-tops of Lausanne there is the cry of religious and church unity; from out of the temples of Geneva there is the optimistic outlook of the world's diplomats; but, underneath it all is the seriousness of the best minds of the world, the detached minds, the minds which are not swayed by the artful psychological machines of so much propaganda; the minds that are not swayed by the clever appeals of phrases to individual prejudices; the minds that are not swayed by the blackened howling of the so-called superpatriot who believes one country can endure in civilization without all countries enduring — a fact that every student of human life knows to be true.

I had the pleasure of attending a Rotary Club meeting in England,—and may I say to the Rotary Club of America, that the Rotary Clubs of England are as different in the way their meetings are conducted as it is possible to imagine. In the first place, there is no levity, and I did not hear any member of the several Rotary Clubs that I spoke to in the British Empire ever exercise a familiar attitude toward each other that is so much a part of the Rotary spirit in the United States. I suppose it is the natural Englishman's reserve, that unless you are a member of the family and probably not farther removed than the first cousin, no Englishman would ever call any gentleman by his first name! Then there was none of the community singing that we have in America. The community singing I found was unknown. There was a dignity about the proceedings which we certainly in some respects frequently do not have at home. The toast to the King was proposed in the most dignified manner; and, of course, one may not smoke or even jest at luncheon until after the toast of the King is given. I don't know why. Personally, I think it is foolish, but it has nothing to do with me. When I was there I toasted the King. I would rather toast than be toasted by the King. As long as I was there, I might as well do as the rest of them did, and conform very nicely and then with that eternal fitness of things which these Britishers have, they toasted the President of the United States. And then, of course, after that we could smoke and we could carry on conversation. But the whole procedure was very dignified.

I wondered as I sat there, when I got in the atmosphere—it was the first speech which I made when abroad,—and I wondered what I could do, because I am not that kind of a speaker at all. Those English people over there are content with more inferior oratory than I ever dreamed possible. Why, I heard men that were considered to be great speakers, who from our American viewpoint, just simply wouldn't go at all.

I did not know what to do. I do not write my speeches, and I usually try to have enough humor in them to save the situation. And I said I had better tell a funny story.

I have spoken before a great many luncheon clubs in America, and I wondered whether I had better tell a funny story! Then I said No, no, no, these people could not laugh. That wouldn't do at all! And I said probably it would spoil my lecture because they were very definite about time. The chairman informed me, without a single element of doubt,

that I was through twenty minutes after one; did not ask me how long I wanted to speak, or how long I could speak; he simply informed me that the meeting closed at twenty minutes after one, and it did.

But I looked at them. I said I don't dare tell them a funny story because I would have to take up the whole of my speaking time explaining the point of my story! (Continued laughter)—but, I got along very well. I told a story in which no one could miss the point! — and everything went along very nicely.

But after the meeting was over they had their accustomed questioning—a custom that I think is not a bad one. Do you know why I think there is so much shallow preaching, preaching that is not worth any one's attention, is because we preachers are not checked up—to use a phrase of American business, as we ought to be. We can say things in the pulpit and the things we say are accepted in a way, and when they do give evidence that they are not true or that they are not this or that we are not checked up in the matter. Now that does not happen in England. Why, when I was through there were forty men on their feet with questions after every lecture. And God help a man who cannot substantiate his position after he has taken it (Laughter).

Why, those business men who came in from the business of Warwick, members of that Rotary Club gave evidence of a wealth of real understanding that surprised me; they knew history, they knew economics, they knew philosophy, they knew literature, —the general tone of culture was tremendously surprising to me. And now, do you know, what the questions were? Not so much about war; not so much about business in America; not so much about unemployment; not so much about war debts, although that did sort of creep out once in a while in England. And yet, when I remember that England had owing to her enough money to pay her war debt to the United States and that England in order to preserve that condition gave evidence of a bigness of heart by cancelling the debts which were owing to her with the exception of the amount of the debt which she owes to us, and when I remember that twenty per cent of every Britisher's income is paid in taxes to the Government—one gets a different idea of the war debt payments.

There are economic features here, my friends, that are of tremendous importance, and yet the key-note which I heard throughout the entire trip which I made in England had to do with the morals of our people. I arrived there at the critical time. It was just after the apparent failure of the conference of Geneva on naval limitations in which the tenure of the entire British press was that the failure of arriving at a satisfactory naval defense was due to the United States government.

Of course, this fact we sometimes forget, that England, the British Isles, are within two months of starvation in the event of a successful blockade; England never has a food supply of over two months. And that is a conservative estimate from all the economists I spoke to. And England feels that her trade routes must be kept open at all cost; and, of course, that is a matter that sometimes we fail to understand.

But the two questions that were always asked me, the first is this: "Dr. Bradley, what about the American young people. What is the matter?" I said, "Why do you ask that? And where do you get your information about American young people?" Invariably in Europe and in England the discussion started with our youth, and the reply always was three-fold, "We get it first from the reports published in the British press, the suicide epidemic of the university students of last year," (if it was an

epidemic, personally I don't believe it was a suicide epidemic in any sense of the word. I think it was a psychological creation largely on the part of publicity, and it was played up tremendously in the British press). And they said "What about your youth?" I said "Well, what about them?" And I said "Where do you get your information?" They said "The British press based upon the cable reports, your novels and the moving pictures we see."

The character of the American people on the part of a vast majority of the people of Europe is determined by the novels we send them, the moving pictures they see, and the reports of our crimes which are published in the European press. And everyone knows that all of these three things emphasize a part of our moral character which is only a part. I have never believed in censorship; I have never advocated the right of one person to determine what another person shall see or read, if intelligence exists on the part of the one to read or see. I do not and I never have advocated the theory of any of these things, but we are giving an impression of our moral selves to the peoples of Europe based upon these three avenues of information which to my mind is startling in its importance.

They feel that we are a lot of licentious people whose standard of morality has gone to pieces; that we can glibly do those things in our human relationships which ought to bear the enmity of all sane and moral health; there is a feeling that we have become lax in these matters of moral significance, and while in their attempt to save themselves economically they are incorporating many of the American systems of business, the best leaders of Europe have made up their minds that they are not going to make the corresponding mistake of utterly abandoning certain ideals of moral health. And that is precisely the difference between Europe and America. The difference between Europe and America is not so much a matter of geography as has been outlined for us in that book "America Coming of Age,"—the difference between Europe and America is not so much a matter of geography as it is a matter of Individualization versus Standardization.

In America you can get on a train in New York and ride three thousand miles to San Francisco, and you will pass through one single territory of standardization; every city looks alike; every home looks alike; every man dresses alike; every woman is dressed similarly; everything is the same—an eternal standardization. Automobiles all follow in one line; streets and scenery and all the rest of it,—until individualization under the pressure of standardization finds itself in revolt, and that revolt finds a sympathetic understanding in Europe.

Europe today realizes that it is becoming Americanized, and there is a persistent effort on the part of some Europeans to prevent the Americanization of our standardized policies; and, yet, from the standpoint of good economics and good business and good industrial security standardization is necessary. And if we could develop a process whereby you could standardize that which needs to be standardized to preserve economic security, and in all the other matters leave an opportunity for individualization we would have an ideal situation. We would not be moulding uniformity which has become the Gospel of so much Americanism or the tragic import of paternalism in human government. We are rapidly developing into the paternalistic phase of human government, which Macaulay said would usher in the danger moment of democracy.

Do you remember in Macaulay's Essays where he says that democracy would not endure because democracy did not possess sufficient vitality due to its model-

ling processes of standardization to produce great leadership.

And when a man like the president of Columbia University said the other day that there was not a single great man who compares with the genius of the past in the world today—not a single great man—who would vitalize all subsequent human history! Not one! And with specific reference to America the poverty of a quality of leadership that approximates the character of Abraham Lincoln, for instance, is obvious to us all.

Now, that is the situation in our impressions that we find in Europe. Europe needs the standardization of industry.

What do we find in Germany? Why, in Germany they have taken all the French books out of the schools; the French language is not being taught in the public schools of Germany. Not at all. It has been supplanted by the English language. And what do you think is the text in the school I visited in Germany? The life of Henry Ford! And I picked up this book and I said "Is this the biography that Germany is reading; which these students who are beginning the study of the English language are reading?" And he said, "It is in every public school throughout Germany."

Let me tell you something about Germany. Germany was tremendously humiliated by the war. I spent hours and hours in the city of Berlin, going about. I stood in the room where war was declared; I saw the throne room of the kaiser where he pinned the medals upon his distinguished soldiers and friends. I did not see one picture of him in all Germany, not a single evidence of the Hohenzollern from the standpoint of royalty. This very day the president of Germany is eighty years of age, the most magnificent physical specimen of manhood I have ever seen. Eighty years of age, and he stands like a rock!

Germany was disillusioned and she was humiliated. Throughout all of that great Teutonic empire there are not more than one hundred and fifty thousand in the military. Germany is going about her business of rehabilitation. I say without fear of successful contradiction on the part of any observer of Europe this summer that Germany is recovering more rapidly than any country in the world from the war. The German mark today, her money, is the best that you can find in central or any part of Europe. I saw many new factories that are being built.

I rode from Czechoslovakia through Saxony up through Dresden and on up through Germany, across the entire country of Germany, from south to north. The German people humiliated and denied the right to spend their energies in maintaining militarism, as in France and England, are devoting their energy to peaceful pursuits. I saw more uniforms in France this year than I saw in 1914, five weeks before war was declared.

I do not know what England and France and others are thinking of on this question of militarism. I cannot for the life of me see what they are trying to do. Suspicion everywhere. France is in a bad way. And oh, what an opportunity we had when the gesture was made to us by the Premier of France that the United States of America with France actively associate and identify ourselves—not with any diplomatic concurrence, but with merely a gesture take the lead to outlaw war, and that gesture of several months ago was passed and slighted by the United States and hardly a single line published concerning it throughout our country.

And then down in Geneva at the League of Nations, when the representatives of Poland made that remarkable pronouncement—and if there is one country in Europe that knows the horror and devastation of war, it is Poland—when the representative of Poland went down to Geneva at the

council of the League of Nations, a tottering institution — a tottering institution is the League of Nations, tottering! tottering because no amount of high platitudinous language will take the place of activities at home that do not back up the language. Of what value are your high sounding speeches at Geneva, if you are blending hates at home? Why all the gestures that mean nothing, if your heart is not set upon settling the proposition.

Germany is denied spending her money and her energy for militarism. She is denied it by the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties, and because she is denied it, she has gone about the business of going to work. And she is working from daylight until dark. I saw men hitched up alongside of dogs carrying wheat out of the fields. No one wants to work but has a chance in Germany. There are no doles as there are in England.

I went through the fuel mines of Wales. and I saw the faces of the miners black and that dust eating its way into their bodies to later express itself in terms of pitch-cancer. We went through the factories and talked with men who worked for two or three dollars a week and worked for two or three days a week.

England with her million and a half men out of work.

France without capacity to understand what she is trying to do.

Oh, it used to be that every one had two countries, his own and France. And we loved France, but underneath all the surface is the suspicion; the suspicion that there may be another "Der Tag" —and there may be. There may be. There is such a thing as sinning away the day of grace, we are told in the old theologies. Well, there may be such a thing in the life of man to prolong too long the opportunities for world unity, for peace.

Poland rose in the League of Nations and Poland said, "We want to move for an adoption of the principles of the out-lawing of war; to make law to make war what war is not today, crime. War is not a crime. We want to make war a crime, to outlaw war. And the first man on his feet to substantiate Poland, do you remember, was the Minister of foreign affairs of the Republic of Germany.

And then what happened?

The fire of enthusiasm burnt itself out because it was not given any fuel from the other nations who had won the war. And it is a black emblem. Cold. Dead.

Until, as we sailed from Germany on the 13th of Sept.—never sail on the 13th. We sailed on the 13th of September for home. We were out in the English Channel and had just left the North Sea. Mrs. Bradley and I were at breakfast—and oh, what a glorious morning it was. We were homeward bound. Coming home. That is the best part about going away. We were homeward bound! All at once that boat — not a large boat, only fourteen thousand tons, shook, and I looked at Mother and she looked at me. It seemed to raise up, shake somewhat, and then stopped. I knew we had hit something. And I said to the steward, who was passing, "What is the matter?" He was visibly upset, he said "I don't know." He said "I am going to find out." And I said "Come on." So we left the dining room and went to our stateroom and got some clothing. We did not know what it was. We were both frightened. But to show you the presence of mind of women: After we were all ready, and I had on a heavy coat and Mrs. Bradley was all bundled up, I said "Why, I forgot my pocket-book. We ought to take some money." (Laughter). And being homeward bound, we didn't have much money. But Mother went back and got the money. We found we had hit a sand-bank. We finally worked off and got into Cherbourg, France, late that night. But there was a beauty about it all. The Majestic

was anchored nearby, and we looked out and saw the Resolute coming, and I thought she was coming rather fast. Being somewhat of a seaman and a lover of ships, I was a little bit worried and the Resolute passed our boat, but her stern caught our bow and twisted it as well as cutting some plates. Again our ship trembled and shook. I tell you, never travel on the 13th.

That is not all. We started for Ireland, arriving the next night. We left the same night and had dark skies, weeping skies, rough sea nearly all the way home. I have hardly recovered from it yet. But we were coming home. The sweetest and finest words in every traveller's vocabulary.

Even after we arrived home at Hoboken, we had an hour for our train, and I said "Let's take another boat ride."

So, being a lover of the sea and of water, we took the ferry which went across to New York, and had the thing we longed for all summer and could not find! So the first particle of food we had when we arrived in the United States of America was two chocolate ice cream sodas apiece. (Laughter). That was the first thing that we had.

And, oh, my friends, when I think of the fact that probably many of the problems of Europe could all be solved if someone would teach Europe how to enjoy ice cream soda. (Laughter).

And I must tell you something which I almost forgot, before I close, about the evening when we were in the restaurant in the city of Paris. We had been in there the night before, and I had seen the waiter serve clams. Steamed clams are a special weakness of mine, but I did not know what they were in the French language. And so we went into this restaurant. I said to Mrs. Bradley, who knows French very, very imperfectly (laughter) "Now see if you can get some steamed clams." (laughter).

Now, this is a true story.

And so she started in. And she did not make any headway at all with her conversation. I said, "Well, now, you are a pretty good artist," I said "draw it for them, may be they will know more about it if you draw it." So I handed her a pencil, which I always carry, and I said to her "Now, go ahead on this menu card and draw." So Mother drew a clam, and it was not a bad clam. It was very much like a clam; and, of course, immediately the waiter says "Oh, ouie, ouie....." And he got all excited. They get all excited over a thing like that, more than they do over the fall of the Republic. "Ouie, ouie." "Yes, it is all right."

Now, this is what he brought us,—and I give you my word of honor, it is true, every word of it. He brought her a lemonade! (Laughter).

If you go to Europe and you want steamed clam, don't try to draw a clam!

Well, we had many things like that that I will tell you of off and on all winter, but I think the best time of all was that night when from the train, after a hard day riding, we looked out and we saw dusk coming and the night, and all at once the flare of the furnaces of the Calumet district, and then soon the lights and soon the station and soon home. And I wondered what I could do in my little way to help to a finer understanding between Europe and America, and help you this winter. And that is going to be my ambition.

May I say this as my final word: Europe's apparent unwillingness or obvious incapacity to build for peace is driving Europe into the war. And I can see no other position to take than after sympathetic understanding has failed, after conferences have failed, after all has failed it should be the business of my country and yours to say to Europe: Fight if you must; fight if you will; but all your wars and all your fighting from now on will be fought amongst yourselves.

For the place of the United States of America, as I see it now, and it is my judgment now, is to show the world—not by tactics of diplomatic relationships or all sorts of leagues and all sorts of alliances, but to show the world by the greatest power of all, the power of example, that we amongst ourselves and with our people can walk the highway of peace; and if Europe will not learn by our example the practice and the art of peace, let us never make the mistake again of fighting there for a cause that apparently is not vitalized sufficiently in the horror of fighting to prevent war.

I shall never again raise my voice or my influence in behalf of the United States of America, fighting on the side of any question which concerns entirely Europe or the Orient.

THE ILLINOIS UNITARIAN CONFERENCE

The Illinois Unitarian Conference will meet in Chicago, November 3 and 4, 1927.

The following are officers of the Conference:

President, Mr. George Landis Wilson, Chicago.

Vice-President, Miss Winifred Bouthit, Shelbyville.

Secretary, Mrs. May H. Harrison, Chicago.

Treasurer, Mr. Melburn Brant, Evanston.

The following program will be given:

November 3 and 4, 1927

President George Landis Wilson, Presiding.

Thursday, November 3

First Unitarian Church, 57th St. and Woodlawn Ave.

7:45 p. m. Annual Sermon — Rev. Charles P. Connolly, Rockford. Subject: "The Sacrifices of Liberals."

Friday, November 4

Chicago City Club, Lincoln Room, 315 Plymouth Court.

10:00 a. m. Business Session.

10:30 a. m. Religious Education:

Adresses: Rev. Fred Merrifield, Chicago; Prof. Robert J. Hutcheon, Meadville Theological School. Discussion led by Rev. Raymond B. Bragg, Evanston.

12:00 M. Luncheons, Chicago City Club:

(1) Alliance, Program in charge of Field Secretary, Mrs. Minna C. Budlong and State Director, Mrs. Curtis W. Reese.

(2) Laymen, Program in charge of Mr. Melburn Brant, Evanston.

(3) Ministers, Program in charge of Rev. W. Rupert Holloway, Bloomington. Subject for discussion: "Are We Scientific or Romantic Ministers?"

2:15 p. m. Chicago City Club, Lincoln Room:

Addresses:

"Can Christianity Survive the Twentieth Century?" — Rev. Charles R. Carlin, Quincy.

"The Lost Chord in Liberal Religion"—Rev. Gordon Kent, Moline.

Discussion—Rev. John H. Hershey, Geneseo.

6:30 p. m. Unitarian Dinner, City Club, Main Dining Room:

Auspices of Chicago Associate Alliance, Mrs. N. G. Symonds, Hinsdale, presiding.

Addresses:

"Religious Conditions in China"—Mrs. Claude U. Gilson, Boston.

"Religious Conditions in India"—Rev. Robert S. Loring, Milwaukee.

These churches are members of the Conference:

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH

UPTOWN TEMPLE

LAWRENCE AVE., Near Sheridan Rd.

Sundays—10:45 A. M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago; National Federation of Religious Liberals, Chicago.

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Published monthly by The Peoples Church.
Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley.....
..... Associate Editor
Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison .....
..... Subscription Mgr.
941 Lawrence Ave. Long Beach 6878
Wm. Saunders ..... Business Mgr.
7028 N. Clark St. Rogers Park 0220
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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The school started its work on the same Sunday that church opened. A splendid attendance marked the opening day. Soon after the Church season started the School Board called Mr. Melvin L. Welke of Meadville Theological Seminary to be Director of Religious Education. The following meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Church confirmed this action and Mr. Welke immediately became associated with our work. The entire month has been spent in grading the school, deciding the curriculum and many other details all of which are being worked out under the personal supervision of Prof. Charles Lyttle of Meadville Theological Seminary. A Junior Church has been established which will hold its first session on November 13th, Mr. Charles W. Dienicke is superintendent and invites the cooperation of all parents. Mr. Dienicke invites the parents to attend the school and see the progress which has been made since Church opened.

R. A. H.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Uptown Players opened their dramatic season on Wednesday and Thursday evenings Oct. 26th, and 27th, at 8. p. m. at Channing Hall, Uptown Temple, 941 Lawrence. Ave. They presented that splendid work of Jerome K. Jerome "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" under the direction of Mrs. Enid Schmid who you all will remember was responsible for the play 'Clarence' that was given so successfully last year. The players who are associated in this movement are conscious of the quality of work expected of them as part of the People's Church of which Dr. Bradley is the head. The work of chorusing a cast in their next play "Captain Applejack" is now going on and those wishing to try out for parts will get in touch with the president Mrs. W. J. Whyte 6166 Winthrop Ave. Chicago. Mr. Jas. Griffen has been chosen as the coach and with his ability and experience in dramatics, particularly at Northwestern we are assured of some good work. It is to be hoped that the friends and members of the church will encourage this group by giving them some real support thru their attendance from time to time.

Mrs. G. B. S.

OPENING SERVICE

October 2nd was like a day in June, warm, bright, delightful! Would there be anyone in Church? asked the Pastor as he looked from his study window at the brilliant balmy day. Our feeling was nearly as intense as on that dedication Sunday a year ago. We had been away a long time, we had traveled far over seas and into eight foreign countries, and now we were home again safely and happily, and the service was about to open for the second time in our own Temple, the sixteenth year of the Peoples Church, we were happy and grateful and a bit anxious.

Arriving at the Church we found it well filled, people had come early, there were not many seats left by the time the choir marched in to the beautiful and familiar Processional—"Hail Him Lord and Leader" by Nevin, that has come to be a part of the Peoples Church service.

The platform was a bower of palms and colorful autumn flowers, Dr. Bradley said he did not think anyone really expected him to preach a sermon on this first morning, he just wanted to visit over the pulpit and tell them some of his "European Impressions" which he proceeded to do touching upon some of the serious points, and relating a few of the ludicrous experiences.

At the close of service he stood for an hour shaking hands and receiving the "Welcome Home" greetings from many friends.

Every Church we visited a-

broad made us homesick for our own Peoples Church, we visited Churches in England, Ireland, Wales, France, Czechoslovakia, and Germany, and in all of them we were treated with the greatest courtesy and friendliness; the contacts made in the Churches where Dr. Bradley preached will ever be highly prized and precious; but I think there would be something strangely lacking in us if after all we did not return home with a deeper appreciation for and realization of the value of Home and the dear association of Church and friends. There was never a more beautiful atmosphere in the Peoples Church than on this opening Sunday—harmony, happiness, loyalty. We hope it may never lessen in the slightest degree.

G. T. B.

CHURCH NEWS

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley arrived home from their European trip on Saturday evening, September 24th. On arriving home a beautiful bouquet of flowers from Mr. Elmer A. Rich, the president of the Board of Trustees of the Church greeted them. On Sunday the pulpit was filled with flowers and palms.

The floral offerings which have beautified the pulpit for the past year are given as memorials by the friends and relatives of those who have passed on. If you would like to give such an offering kindly write or phone, Mrs. Georgia Russell, 1646 Berwyn Ave. phone Sunnyside 6610.

It adds to our denominational pride to find in the study made by Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. Whitney the number of Unitarians in Who's Who in America outnumber, proportionally, the nearest denomination, the Episcopalians, by 1,029; while the women have a numerical superiority of 95.

The many friends of Mrs. Matthew Riley, 4657 Beacon St. will be glad to know that she has sufficiently recovered from her recent serious illness to return home. Mrs. Riley is interested in the Woman's Club and the Uptown Players, who are waiting anxiously for her to resume her activities.

Every sermon by Dr. Bradley is published in pamphlet form. Single copies are twenty cents, they will be mailed to any address in the United States for twenty-five cents a copy. Send to the Church office, 941 Lawrence Ave., for copies.

THE UPTOWN FORUM

Our Uptown Forum opened its second season on Sunday evening, Oct. 30th, under the direction of the Laymen's League of the church and a program unsurpassed upon any platform in the Middle West has been arranged. The Forum will meet in the Auditorium of the church at 8 o'clock every Sunday evening until March 25th, the Christmas holidays excepted—twenty evenings in all.

Bertrand Russell, the eminent English philosopher, was the opening speaker and his subject, "Education and the Good Life." He will be followed in November by Stanley High, world traveler and journalist, on "The Decline of Docility in the Non-white World;" Dr. P. W. Kuo, of China, on "The Present Situation in China;" Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, of Princeton, on "The Next Move in the International Game;" and Kirby Page, editor of The World Tomorrow, on "The Menace of Intolerance." Later speakers, some in symposium or debate, include:

Maude Royden, England's most distinguished woman preacher

Dr. S. L. Joshi, of India

Dr. Joseph K. Hart, of the University of Wisconsin

Dr. John Haynes Holmes, of Community Church of New York

Norman Thomas, Director, League for Industrial Democracy

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, leading spokesman for the colored race

Prof. Jerome Davis, of Yale University

Samuel Guy Inman, of the National Committee for Co-operation with Latin America.

Prof. Frederick Starr, famous anthropologist, for 30 years at the University of Chicago

Dr. Louis L. Mann, of Sinai Temple, Chicago

Programs have been arranged dealing with such subjects as:

Has Marriage any future?

Can the Next Generation make the World Over?

Misunderstandings between Asia and America

Political and Religious Issues South of the Rio Grande

The Negro's Effect Upon American Civilization

Do we Need a New Reformation?

Does the United States Need a Peace Program more than its Defense Program?

Is There a New Race in process of Formation?

Should we legalize the dissemination of Birth Control Information?

America and England—Can They Really Be Friends?

Season tickets at $5.00, or 25 cents a meeting, may be ordered from the church office until the close of the opening evening. On November first they will be $6.00. Single admissions are 50 cents.

G. P. B.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club opened their season with a luncheon at the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Oct. 3rd, the guests of honor were Mrs. Samuel D. Snow and Dr. Preston Bradley. After the luncheon which was largely attended, the program opened with an address by the President, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, followed by an address of Greeting by Mrs. Preston Bradley, Program chairman, after which an exceptionally fine musical program was given by Agnes Knoflickora, Czecho-slovakian Violinist, and Joseph Brinkman, Pianist, using the Steinway Duo-Art by courtesy of Lyon Healy and Co. After the musical numbers Mrs. Snow spoke on the subject "What Does the Federation Stand For?" and the afternoon closed with an inspiring address by Dr. Bradley, on "Loyalty."

The Woman's Club Calendar for Oct. and Nov. is as follows:

Oct. 10th, 10:30 a. m. Lesson in Parliamentary Procedure, Mrs. Geo. W. Plummer.
11:30 a. m. Address of welcome Mrs. Mathew Riley, chairman Educational Dept.
12:30 noon, luncheon
2:00 p. m. Philanthropic plans. Mrs. Chas. Roberts, chairman Philanthropic Dept.

Oct. 17th, 1:00 p. m. Business Meeting
2:00 p. m. Mrs. Judith W. Lowenthal Subject "New Women and New Problems."

Oct. 24th, 10:30 a. m. Lesson in Parliamentary Procedure, Mrs. Geo. W. Plummer, Mrs. Wm. Herzog, chairman of literature. Speaker, Miss Knepp of Pulaski Park Branch. Chicago Public Library. Subject "What to Read."
12:30 Noon Luncheon
2:00 p. m. Sewing and plans for Bazaar

Oct. 31st, 2:00 p. m. Debate "How Much is Your Vote Worth?" Place of Women in Parties and Parties within our government, Speakers. Mrs. Geo. Bass, Mrs. Frederick A. Dow.

Nov. 7th, 10:30 a. m. Class in Parliamentary Procedure. Mrs. Geo. W. Plummer.
11:30 a. m. An hour of music Mrs. E. W. Wynn, chairman
Noon luncheon
2:00 p. m. Sewing for Bazaar

Nov. 14th, 2:30 p. m. Speaker Mr. Abram Mendenhall. Subject. "Quality in English China."

Nov. 21st, 10:30 a. m. Parliamentary Class Mrs. Geo. W. Plummer
11:30 a. m. Book Review by Miss Reed, Sheridan Branch

Chicago Public Library
Noon luncheon
2:00 p. m. Sewing for Bazaar
Nov. 28th, 2:00 p. m. Speaker Dr. Preston Bradley, Subject Book Chat "The Magic Mountain" by Thos. Mann
Musical Selections

Women attending the Peoples Church are cordially invited to become members of this Woman's Club. The dues are only $3.00 a year, attend one or two of the meetings and see if it is not an organization you cannot afford to miss affiliating with.

YOUR OWN

The Church is Yours—not the Minister's not the Trustees', not the other fellow's, but Yours—**your own.**

The Church is Yours—its services are maintained by you, through you, and for you. They are **your own.**

The Church is yours— it is the most important of your possessions. You would feel greatly impoverished without it. You want it to keep open doors, to prosper and grow. **Your church is yours.**

The Church is Yours—its strength is your strength, its weakness your weakness, its mistakes your mistakes. **What do you want your church to be?**

The Church is Yours—if it fails in its high mission it is your failure. If it is not virile and prophetic **you are to blame.**

The Church is Yours—it cannot thrive by absent treatment nor can it inspire you if you neglect it. A home not used is not really a Home. **The church is your spiritual home.**

The Church is Yours—use it as you would a friend. Give it your affection and devotion. **Don't starve your own. Give your church yourself. — Dr. Horace Westwood in the "Toledo Unitarian."**

Are you a contributor to the work of the People's Church? If you desire to make a pledge kindly write the secretary, Mrs. May H. Harrison, at the Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue. Envelopes will be furnished for weekly contributions, a seat in the church for the Church year may be had for twenty-five dollars. This will be reserved for you every Sunday until 10:50 a. m. The Liberal will be sent to any address for one dollar and twenty-five cents a year.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB

The Young People's Club have held two most successful evenings since church opened. Over one hundred young people attended the opening meeting. On the evening of October 19th, a large audience heard Dr. Bradley speak on "The Youth movement in Europe." All of the young people of the church and congregation are invited to the meetings. The church office will gladly give any information concerning the work.

THE BAZAAR

A Bazaar is to be held December 6th and 7th in Channing Hall, The Peoples Church by the Woman's Club.

This is an opportunity for you who attend the Church,—for you who listen over the Radio to the services, — for all the members and friends of the Peoples Church, to express a little of their appreciation for the inspiration,—the uplift—the good they receive from the services, by making a donation to this Bazaar! Why? — Because the Woman's Club has made a pledge of $2500 to the Building Fund of the Church, just as it did last year, and these loyal women are working awfully hard to make it. Will you not send something to be sold at the Bazaar? And if it is possible come to the Bazaar and help them make it a great success! There will be lots of nice things at very reasonable prices,—we do not believe in the "hold-up" kind of a bazaar. And there will be loads of fun too! We want

Aprons, Pillow Cases, Towels, Fancy Articles, pretty things for Babies, Candy, Preserves, Jellies, anything salable at a reasonable price. Send your donation to the Office of the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave. It will be appreciated.

Mrs. Geo. B. Schulten will be Chairman of the Bazaar, and for particulars regarding it one may communicate with her. Address, 1319 Early Ave. Sunnyside 1891.

LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

The Laymen's League held its opening meeting for the year on Monday evening October 17th, in Channing Hall at 8 p. m. Dr. Bradley gave a very interesting address on "The Religion of a man." About two hundred men attended, Refreshments were served after the lecture. The League will meet on the third Monday evening of every month. A splendid program has been arranged for each meeting. The Uptown Forum which meets Sunday evenings in the Church Auditorium is the special work of the League for the winter. At the opening meeting the following officers were elected:

President— George Patterson Boyle,
Vice-President—Floyd M. Brockell,
Secretary—Charles E. Selleck.
Treasurer—Elmer A. Rich.

The following men were elected as directors, E. K. Winn, Thomas A. Harrison, Henry A. Thomas, Joseph A. Moore and Harold A. O'Connor.

G. P. B.

THE QUIET HOUR

My Son, be wise, and make my heart glad.

CONFLICT and battle only can effectively muster man's powers. He does not sufficiently exist if he is not made to fight for his existence. If he is not made creative, then he is but half created.

Horace Bushnell (1802-1889).

—No petty customs nor appearances,
But think what others only dreamed about;
And say what others did but think; and do
What others did but say; and glory in
What others did but do.

P. J. Bailey (1816-1902).

Unless Truth comes to you, not in word only, but in power besides—authoritative because true, not true because authoritative—there has been no real revelation made to you from God.

F. W. Robertson (1816-1853).

God is the All-Fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty are but different faces of the same All. Beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany or the Isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.

R. W. Emerson (1803-1882).

I have no doubt there are hardy scoundrels who thoroughly enjoy themselves, but they do not enjoy much more. I believe that for living on this earth and getting the most out of it—out of nature, and the relations of life, and men and women in the workaday world, there is nothing like the old-fashioned good conscience.

J. E. Odgers (1843-1925)

It is glory enough for one day
To have dreamed the bright dream of the reign of right,
To have fastened your faith like a flag to that immaterial staff
And have marched away, forgeting your base of supplies;
And while the worldly wise see nothing but shame and ignoble retreat,
And though far ahead the heart may faint and the flesh prove weak—
To have dreamed that bold dream is glory enough,
Is glory enough for one day.

W. H. Carruth (1859-1924)

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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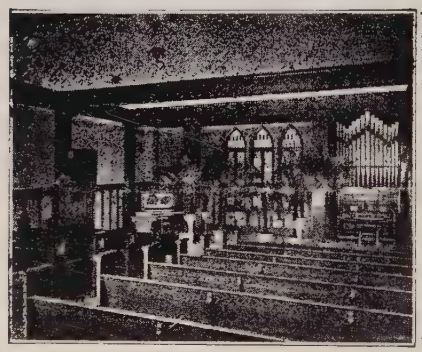

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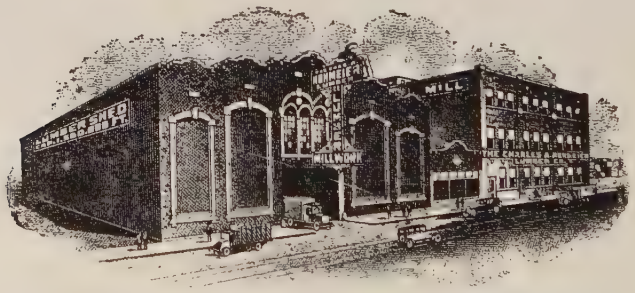

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